





of times, Ben Derringer has at last succeeded in turning the tables and whipping somebody else. That somebody was Vasco D. Brown, and the people of Lancaster don't think he was hit a lick amiss.

Our sincerest sympathies are extended to Zeno Young, of the Madisonville Times, in his hour of terrible bereavement. His estimable wife, after a long illness, has been taken from him.

It so happened that his adversary came to Richmond the next day, returning from a coal trip down the river, and that night the dear fellows came up to Marie and myself arm-in-arm, to show at the reconciliation was complete. O, precious grace of Jesus!

We are trusting for a glorious harvest Madison. PRAISE THE LORD! He will not disappoint us. Pray for us, dear friends in Lincoln. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

Richmond, April 20th, 1851.

Several years back a prominent and successful young lawyer in our midst, and now in this and adjoining counties who regarded him as a polished gentleman and a man of scholarly attainments, will relate to learn of his departure. We hope Colonel's expectations may be fully realized in his new field and that in a short time we may see him rise to that eminence in his profession for which his talents are so well fitted him.

him if a man named Leland L. died here on the 7th day of September, 1876. No one here ever of such an al. The letter was from Gray-

W. F. J. Donnelley, of Richmond, in the Court House, Wednesday, on "The Endowment of the Bodies of Saints in Heaven." His lecture was beauty and interest, and was listened to a large and appreciative audience.

Bert Diamond has leased his mines on Hill, to the Pine Hill Coal Com-

...without further damage  
reporter was present among the  
meats at the Moore-Crawford wed-  
nesday, and can only say that the  
in all its appointments most re-  
enjoyment of all present was  
ance... Mr. Fullen Francisco has  
saw-mill about ready for business  
begin cutting timber in a few  
With the coming of the warm  
several cases of Spring fever are  
and the disease will probably be-  
lemic.

**M. F. ELKIN.**

**Scotch Salve!**

Is a positive cure for Burns, Scalds, Hail, Hail, Bruises, Cuts, Hemorrhoids and Sprains, and is the best Lotion for old Sores, Scratches, Cracked and Greasy Heel, Thrush and Dimples. It is used on a cut. Trial box, 50 cents; full size, \$1.00.

**F. D. ALDRIGHT.**



L. & N. TIME CARD.

Passenger Train to Louisville, 12:45 P. M.  
Passenger Train to Richmond & Lexington, 1:40 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

FISHING TACKLE at McRoberts & Stagg's.  
Seed Irish Potatoes at Owsley & Higgins.

A LOT of Carpet Paper at this office.  
Cheap.

SUPERIOR Coal Oil at McRoberts & Stagg's.

FINEST Cigars and Tobacco for sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

Best Cigar out. "The Julia A. Hunt," at McRoberts & Stagg's.

SALT, Lime and Cement constantly on hand at Owsley & Higgins.

LAKE SUPERIOR Seed Irish Potatoes, of all kinds, at Hale & Nunnelly's.

For that Cough use White Pine Syrup, prepared by McRoberts & Stagg.

For medicinal purposes buy a bottle of 10-year-old Whisky from McRoberts & Stagg.

VARIETY of Sweet Potato Seed, including Russell County Brazilian, at Owsley & Higgins.

THE Ready-mixed Paints sold by McRoberts & Stagg are the best sold, and are guaranteed in every particular.

FORNERS & VANDERBILT have a nice line of Men's and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, and will sell them lower than anybody.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Discharge, Canker Mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more effective treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Chenault & Penny.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION.—Why do so many people we are around, seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Inflammation, Constipation, Rheumatism, Eczema, Apejile, coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's Vitallizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Chenault & Penny.

SUITABLE COMBINATION CURE.—This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Whooping Cough, a wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly advise you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00. If four lungs are sore, Chest or Back Lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Chenault & Penny.

PERSONAL.

MISS MARY JOHNSON has gone to Louisville.

M. C. THOMAS, of Danville, was here yesterday.

CAL and JOE BAKER were out to see their sick father.

MISS JENNIE BUCKNER has been here in the last few days.

MISS BETTIE MILLER, of Lancaster, was with Miss Mary Logan this week.

MISS CLARA WALKER, of Louisville, is with her sister, Mrs. E. T. Buchanan.

MR. A. H. SHANKS has gone to Cincinnati for his spring and summer goods.

ELIZABETH BAKER, of Danville, is down with the Pneumonia, but is improving.

MR. J. B. COMPTON and wife, of Harrodsburg, attended the Circuit yesterday.

DR. BATES and daughter, Miss Florence, took the train here yesterday for Louisville.

MISS LULA YEAZER, and Sister Shelton, of Danville, were guests of Mrs. E. M. Bruce this week.

MISS ROSA TUCKER has returned from her school in Jefferson county with child and fever.

MISS MATTIE and SALLIE DENNY, of Glasgow, are visiting their numerous relatives in this vicinity.

MR. and MRS. W. M. BOGGS, of Lancaster, were visiting friends here and at Harrodsburg Saturday and Sunday.

JAMES M. C. SATELY is acting Commonwealth's Attorney at Somerset this week, Mr. Warren being detained at home by the illness of a member of his family.

MISS ANN BRADY, a sister of Mr. H. C. RUPLEY, is visiting him. She is in bad health, and will attend the Fair.

JAMES J. DENNIS has just returned from a protracted business trip to Tennessee. He says that things are looking up since the passage of the bill relating to the State debt, and that there is great rejoicing among the people.

LITTLE PERSONALIA.—There is another arrival at the House that Jack built. It is a boy, and his name is as good as gold as it is his first. He answers as Robert Edward. Mr. J. H. Terhune's wife has presented him with an 8-pound pup.

Our regular young man, Tim W. Higgins, has purchased an interest in the firm of J. H. & S. H. Shanks, and will hereafter be found in his handsome new store. Mr. Higgins is a business man of acknowledged ability, and his acquisition to the firm will result in mutual benefit.

—SAC OWENS, proprietor of Cumberland Hall, was here this week. He tells us that he has added many improvements to the property, and that his prospects for a good season are fine. Fishing is unusually good at this time, and lovers of the sport are informed that they can be accommodated by Mr. Owens with the best of board and lodging.

LOCAL MATTERS.

NIRAN HAYS, stylish and cheap at Bruce & Co.

LONG PRIMER—250 pounds, in good order, for sale cheap.

FRESH FISH Saturday evening at B. Mattingly & Son's.

BANANAS, Apples, Oranges, Lemons and Vegetables received daily at B. Mattingly & Son's.

EDDIE HAWKINS, the boy orator, is making another raid on Kentucky and will be in Stanford before long.

DAN RICE's circus gave two performances here yesterday to fair as dances. It is a good show, and deserves to be well patronized.

PREVIOUSLY.—Little Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Bruce, although but two years of age, knows the alphabet thoroughly, and can say them although scarcely able to talk.

SCHOOL.—Miss Rhoda Lytle has had a new school house built on Mr. W. H. Anderson's place, in the lower end of town, and will open a Spring and Summer school for boys and girls next Monday.

POTTY'S PATENT PROCESS.—This flour, which is kept by Hale & Nunnelly, beats any of the kind we have ever seen. It is as white as snow, rises splendidly, and makes the best rolls we ever ate. Try it.

CONVICTS GONE.—Sheriff J. N. Menefee, with S. H. Baughman and George C. Carpenter as guards, left Tuesday for the penitentiary with Jim Banks, Cal. Middleton, Charles Wright and Alex. Smith, were the first three that made their homes for the next four years, and the last named for one year. They are all, of course, negroes.

FORGER AT LARGE.—The Reporter says that Harvey Tupper, of Lincoln, arrested in Pulaski for forging orders on stores, was tried and held in \$250 bail, which he could not give, though he did give "leg bail" and is still at large. The coroner let him get away, which leads us to remark that a dead person is the only kind of an individual that a coroner ought to handle. They can't get away.

I HAVE a good family horse to sell cheap. J. B. Dennis.

CALL and see the Champion Twine Binder at Geo. D. Wearen's.

FARMERS should be certain to see Geo. D. Wearen before selling their wool.

THE Richmond has now Stanford's \$75 for the widow of Judge Heslin, and went \$5 better.

BOOT and SHOE MAKERS.—F. G. Brady and W. C. McKinney have formed a partnership in boot and shoe making, and ask the patronage of the public.

The courthouse square improvement committee has had a large number of water pipes set out, and in a year or two we will have as shady and as pretty a park as anywhere.

The winter has broken. A certain man who wears three overcoats has laid by one of them, and uncle Ed. McRoberts says that this is a better indication of Spring than the return of the birds.

FIVE days of splendid weather have worked wonders in vegetation. The blue-grass hills and the trees tell us that the Springtime has at last come. The farmers and gardeners are making hay vigorously, while the sun shines.

LET OFF.—Wm. Warren, the man indicted for soliciting the Sheriff to summon him as a juror, was let off with an admonition, as it was clearly proved that he had no criminal end in view in getting on the jury, and that his act was in ignorance of the law.

AFFIRMED.—The decision of the Common Pleas Court in the case of the Trustees of Stanford vs. Hite, has been affirmed by the Court of Appeals, that Court holding that where a party has paid money to the Trustees of a town for any privilege, and the ordinance imposing the burden is void, he is entitled to recover back the amount thus paid, if paid under a belief that the burden was lawfully imposed.

FIDDLE FACTORY.—Sometime ago we published a clipping which said that there were but four people in the world that could make a first-class fiddle. Fleming Brady, of this place, a natural born genius, did not believe the story, and straightway set himself to work to make one, and he has succeeded most admirably. The instrument is very handsome, and is pronounced by those who know how to draw the bow, as a remarkably sweet-toned and superior one. Mr. Brady will part with it for \$25.

THE Pink Cottage Faith Cure is becoming very popular for those seeking a restoration to health. Among those staying there are Miss Alice Barbee, of Danville, who has been paralyzed from her waist down for twenty years; Miss Mary Stephenson, of Lancaster, blind for the last nineteen months; and Miss Olie Sutherland, of Hall's Gap, severely afflicted with spinal disease. Many others visit the place daily and join the good women presiding, in prayer. All the patients say they feel greatly improved already.

TO CURIOSITY HUNTERS.—Dr. C. C. Graham, of Louisville, called on us this week and asked us request everybody who has geological specimens and who wish to contribute them to his museum to leave them at this office for him. He has now one of the largest collections of natural curiosities in the country, and the sole object of the few short years that he has left himself to make it as comprehensive as possible, as he will leave it as a legacy to the State of Kentucky. The Doctor is a living curiosity himself, being ninety-seven years old, with all his faculties, save hearing, in a remarkable state of preservation.

ANOTHER DIVORCE.—Sometime ago Col. B. Blain brought a suit for Frances McAlister, colored, against her husband, Joe, alleged to be a gambler, adulterer, and all the other grounds for divorce, but when the case was called last Court he dismissed, because the witness by whom he could prove these allegations had died. It seemed, however, that Joe was anxious to have the bonds dissolved as his wife, and he got Judge J. M. Phillips to attend to his case. The Judge prevailed on Col. Blain to move that his case be reinstated, and Judge Owsley finally consented to allow it. Then Judge Phillips filed a cross petition, setting forth nearly the same charges against Frances, and on the hearing of the case Saturday, Joe was granted a divorce.

THE Circuit Court just closed got through with 107 cases, divided as follows: Forty-three Commonwealth, thirty Equity, and thirty-four Ordinary Appearances. A number of them had been on the docket for a long time, one for eighteen years. This is not a bad showing even for a four weeks' Court. Judge Owsley tries to expedite the business of his Court, but one of his great faults is to argue points with counsel after he has decided them, thereby losing much time. He is one of the best judges of law in the State, as the tests of his decisions show, but somehow or other, he can never make his lawyer believe that his rulings are final. This we attribute to their knowledge of the extreme goodness of his heart, but it gets away with time all the same.

AN OLD PAPER.—We have been shown, by Miss Sallie Harrison, a copy of the Western World, from the press of Joseph M. Street, Frankfort, bearing date of September 17th, 1807, which she found among the old papers of her grand-father, Rev. J. C. Barnes. In its announcement, the editor says that he will publish on such days as may suit the mails, at \$3 per year in advance, or \$4 in promissory notes. The issue before us contains a long article in which H. Marshall denounces some charges that N. Richardson had made against him as "base and villainous falsehoods," and Richardson himself as "a slanderer for the Spanish conspirators." There is, also, an installment of the testimony in the trial of Aaron Burr, for high treason against the United States, and an account of a barbecue at Versailles, prepared by the patriotic citizens of Woodford for the Woodford volunteers, under command of George Francisco. Gen. Marquis Calmes presided, and Col. Young acted as Vice-President. A number of toasts were responded to, and Mr. John Crittenden made "an impressive speech on the events that have led to the present state of affairs." Among the advertisements is one of "Bobbans's Tavern," kept by Wm. Bobbans, in Versailles; another of "Washington Inn," Frankfort, by Phil Bush and still another of "Devenport's Inn," Danville, by Richard Devenport. It is quite refreshing to note the improvements in typography that seventy-five years have wrought.

THE Champion Plow, the best in the market, at J. R. Warren & Son's.

Geo. D. WEAREN is unloading to-day a car-load of Champion Reapers and Mowers. Call and buy before they are all gone.

THE Millennium is near at hand. A circus has exhibited in Lancaster without anybody getting killed and in Stanford without any rain.

J. B. DENNIS has two nice Photos and some new Buggies, which he will sell at a bargain, if application is made in a few days at the Carriage Shop.

NONSUS.—Mr. Harrison Bailey, a brother of Judge W. G. Bailey, of this place, has been nominated by the Democrats of Shelby for the Legislature.

THE Railroad Commission will meet here next Tuesday. Susceptible young ladies are warned against Judge C. E. Kincaid, or he will walk off with their hearts.

The Commissioner of the Jury Fund, Mr. A. R. Penny, tells us that the pay of jurors during the last Circuit Court amounted to \$1,000.00. A good deal of it was very badly spent.

W. T. WITHERS, with Geo. D. Wearen, is giving his special attention to the trade in Champion Reapers, Mowers, Thomas Hay Rakes, Webster Wagons, Mayfield Water Elevators, Domestic Sewing Machines, Wool, Grain, &c., &c.

STEALING LUMBER.—Belle Embury, Kate Weaver, Maria Jones, Lucinda Ann Embury and Agnes Jones, all colored, were tried before the Police Court yesterday for stealing lumber from J. S. Murphy, and held by the sum of \$25 each to the next Circuit Court.

CORRECTION.—In our article responding to Enquire Portland's card, published on the 14th of January, we said by implication that delinquents for the year 1878 had been referred upon Enquire Portland's motion, to the Justice for investigation. It is only the delinquents of 1876 and 1877 that were so referred.

For a little money you wish to be one of the best dressed men in our county, leave your measure to the best and most respectable of Louisville. Merrett Tailors, J. Winter and Co., corner of Third and Market Streets, Louisville, Ky. Their show-room of piece goods is on the second floor. In all the days of our life we have never seen such a tasty assortment. We trade at that place.

LUNATIC.—Miss Emily Gibson, who attempted to commit suicide last week by taking laudanum, was tried on a writ of lunacy Wednesday, and ordered to the asylum. She has been in that institution before, and was discharged apparently well. She is forty-eight, and seems to speak to harm no one but herself. Seeking to laudify, Judge Brown says that in the two years that he has been Judge, not less than ten persons have been sent to the asylum from this county.

THE COPULA.—The contract for building the cupola of the Presbyterian church has been let to Mr. R. H. Wearen, for \$300. The design, which was made by architect J. R. Carrigan, of Danville, is a very handsome one, octagon-shaped and rising forty feet above the comb of the roof. The work is to be completed by July 1st, but Mr. Wearen says he will finish it much before that time. We have labored for years to this point, and we "Praise and Laud" to know it is so near accomplishment.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Richmond Junction.

Phil C. Soden left on the 18th for Indianapolis, Ind., to visit relations.

Isaac Hamilton has gone to Louisville to buy goods.

Prof. Sibold has another singing class at this place, which meets on Thursday night.

A. D. Underwood has fully recovered and is again on his engine.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Milton, wife of Wm. Milton, died of Consumption on Friday 15th, leaving five small children, who, through the misfortune of their father, are left in an almost destitute condition. The good people, however, are trying to supply their wants and console them in this their greatest affliction.

It was our good fortune to accompany State Deputy Grand Districter, J. W. Alcorn, to McKinney on the evening of the 18th, at which place he instituted a Lodge of the Knights of Honor with seventeen charter members. He discharged his duties as instituting officer in a most satisfactory manner. After the organization was complete the following officers were elected for the present term: J. F. Hocker, Dictator; J. B. E. Rook, D. P.; W. S. Good, J. P.; W. L. Lasky, A. D.; J. T. Christensen, R. F. M. Ware, F. R.; and K. L. Tanner, Treasurer.

We have reasons to fear that this place and Stanford will lose the benefits that would arise from the building of railroad shops at the Junction, as it is rumored that the company will decline to purchase lands here at the price asked, when the citizens of Crab Orchard will likely give them lands to build on, and thereby move what shops we now have. It is believed that the company would take the lands here at a certain price rather than accept lands elsewhere as a gift. Let us have a committee appointed to ascertain the most they will give, and then raise money by subscription to pay the remainder of the price asked by the owners of the land, and let this be done at once. We know a man of means in your town who will contribute liberally.

The Sunday School at this place was largely attended last Sunday, and being the most important of all church auxiliaries, the necessity for a larger and better house was freely discussed. For this, regular school and church purposes, Phil Soden proposed to head a subscription list with \$25, and has prepared several papers for subscription and put them in circulation. He says he expects to call on some of his Stanford friends for help. This is a good enterprise, and we predict for it an early and abundant success. If we would keep people from crime, we must educate them. With a proper system of education our prisons would not be crowded, nor would there be seen any of the many lawless and dangerous men that we see so anxious for Easter to come says that he don't want it to come any more since he saw his sweetheart riding with another fellow.

From present indications there is some danger of matrimonial fever breaking out in this vicinity soon to an alarming extent. One case has already made its appearance.

Look Hubble sold his fancy saddle stallion to Red & Cecil, of Danville, for \$350.—G. F. Bright sold his pair of black horses to a gentleman of Little Rock, Ark., for \$350.

The young gentleman that invested in the Louisiana Lottery was so sure that he would get the capital prize he had spoken

for boarding for two, but since the drawing came off he has been looking rather blank.

Rev. Mr. Tupper, of Harrodsburg, delivered an interesting lecture to the Sunday School at Providence Sunday evening. He says there are three very essential things necessary to make a Sunday School a success, namely, greenbacks, grit and grace.

Miss Jennie Harlan left on the 1 o'clock train Monday for her home in Missouri, arriving there yesterday. She made a host of friends, who regretted to see her leave. Some of our neighbor boys are looking, O, so sad! Miss Callie Flora, of Richmond, spent last week with Mrs. Betsy Spoonmire.

A lady of this vicinity had her cow attached a short time ago for her husband's debts. A sympathizing lawyer saw her in distress, went and told her to bring suit for the cow, that he would attend to the case for a mere trifle. She agreed; so she pitched in and gained the suit, and sold the cow for \$20. After deducting costs and lawyer's fee, she only had \$5 left. A lawyer's sympathy is valued rather high.

Crab Orchard.—Don't forget the prayer meeting at the Christian church every Wednesday night.

The old saying, "It takes a fool to catch fish," has been contradicted, for some of our most intelligent citizens have been angling this week with much success.

Those composing our sick list this week are: Dr. Delaney Egbert, with Rheumatism; a little son of W. T. Sanders, and the children of W. F. Kennedy, with Measles.

—Ere many days shall have passed away, one of our most amiable young ladies will be led to the matrimonial altar by a certain handsome widower of this place. You can't guess who it is, but "ye shall know hereafter."

—George King, Jr. had his spirits raised a few days ago with great "violence." Mr. Henry Spratt, of Lancaster, presented him with a handsome violin. These fine musical instruments are being sold at a bargain.

"A hint to the wise, &c."—A man by the name of Joseph Beeler was found dead upon the railroad, near the depot, last Saturday night. His death was supposed to be the cause of death. His remains were taken to Gilbert's Creek for interment on Sunday.

The occasional crank of the bull-frog reminds us that every winter has not been forced to relinquish his seat in the lap of Spring where he can so long be lingering. In fancy, we can see you, Mr. Editor, busy reading and consigning to the waste-basket innumerable articles on "Spring, beautiful Spring." You have our entire sympathy; we do really feel for you.

—Miss Jennie Kennedy, who has been attending school at Millersburg, arrived home last Wednesday, looking exceedingly well notwithstanding her battle with the Measles a few weeks ago. Miss Manie D. Cassel, a very sweet young lady from Louisville, who has been for a month or two the guest of Mrs. Maggie Saunders, has returned to her home. While her numerous friends here regret her departure, we know of one young man who has, it is thought, heart disease in a chronic state. To us, Dr. Miss Maggie Egbert is stopping a while in our village, guest of Mrs. Kate Egbert. Miss Mollie Brooks has returned from a short visit to Richmond. Miss Mary Gormley and the other young ladies who attended Broome's meeting at Lancaster have returned much refreshed, both spiritually and physically. Praise the Lord!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

SEVERANCE, DUDDERAR & CO.

In assuming control of this column, while it is true our own interest prompts us to accept it, yet we feel we can and will make it to the interest of our readers. In this, at least, they may find where to get their wants supplied.

While we can enumerate only a part of the articles kept by us, we will from time to time change the matter contained in our space, and hope thereby to make it interesting to all readers.

A special drive in Men's Kip Brogans at one dollar per pair.

Curtain Lace and Lambrequins, in new designs and colorings.

The best Dollar Shirt ever seen here, with Linen reinforced Bosom.

Don't forget that our stock of Hats is complete in every particular.

Kid Gloves.—Mather's Perfumed Kid Gloves are the latest and nicest thing out.

Cottonades, Hickory, Plaid Cottons, Apron Checks and Cheviots at popular prices.

Ten dozen "Town Talk" Corsets, at 50 cents each. Best corset for the money ever seen here or elsewhere.

Dress trimmings, in this line we have far surpassed every former season. Ladies can find almost anything they may want.

Gentlemen will find our stock of Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Half-Hose, Drawers and Undershirts, complete.

Ginghams in the prettiest styles for Dresses; also all staple styles in all colors, including Black and White Checks and Stripes.

Trunks and Valises of all grades, from common to popular cover to the most elegant one. Price Trunk with every modern convenience.

Dress Goods have been for the last year or so an Especial Department with us, and we feel we have surpassed any previous season in this line.

We invite one and all to an inspection of our immense stock in our new and elegant room, corner of Main and Lancaster streets, in Opera House building.

In Men's, Youth's and Boys' Clothing the universal verdict is we have the best and cheapest stock ever seen in this city. We have suits from a child's four years old to size 46 in men's.

In Notions, such as Hosiery, Gloves, Buttons, Laces, Feather-edge, Rick-rack and other Braids; Linen, Lace and Silk Handkerchiefs; Buttons, Fringes, Neckties, &c., we have them all.

Determined that, none should have an excuse to go from home to furnish their houses, we have an elegant stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Stair Carpets, Window Shades and Wall Paper.

We have made a special effort this Spring to get up a stock of Shoes that are second to none in Kentucky, both in Men's, Ladies' and Children's. How well we have succeeded you will see by an examination.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. G. BRADY, W. C. MCKINNEY.

Boot and Shoe Makers.

We have formed a partnership in the Boot and Shoe business, and will be prepared at all times to serve our customers with the best of stock. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Give us a call.

BRADY & MCKINNEY, Stanford.

REWARD!

Frequent depredations having been committed on the property of George Carpenter, dec'd, in Cherry county, I will give a reward for the apprehension and conviction of any offender.

J. D. CARPENTER, dec'd.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAYED. Last Monday night, dark BAY & WHITE, heavy and likely, in fair order. Information of her whereabouts will be thankfully received. C. Rowley, Highland, Ky.

WILLIAM WELCH.

THIS MAGNIFICENTLY BRED HAMBLE-JONES will suit the season of 1881 at any stable, either from Stanford, or the Stanford and Danville turnpike, and will serve more at

TEN DOLLARS the SEASON OR \$10 TO INSURE A COLE.

William Welch is a rich bay, 15½ hands high, foaled in 1867, by Fred's Hamble-Jones, let down by Imp. Truster. Had dam a Hamble-Jones mare. His colts are large and stylish, and a number of them are trotting very fast.

A large Cave Spring of the purest and best water is on the premises, and as a Distillery site it is the best in the county.

No responsibility for accidents, should any occur. ON C. ROWLEY'S.

APRIL 19, 1881.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

BUFFALO STEAM MILLS.

Dwelling-House, Stock Scales, &c.

LINCOLN CIRCUIT COURT. E. G. CHASE, Plff., vs Wm. Vetch, Ac, defts. J. E. Parris on 2 Bds. vs Wm. Vetch, Ac, defts. R. Peters vs Wm. Vetch, Ac, defts.

Between the hours of 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., at the Court-House door in Stanford, Ky., will be the highest and best bidder, about 2 Acres of land on the South side of the Stanford & Harrodsburg turnpike, within about 1 mile of Stanford, and near the full-house, on which are located the celebrated Buffalo Steam Flouring Mills, also a comfortable, new Frame Dwelling, Stock Scales, &c. A large Cave Spring of the purest and best water is on the premises, and as a Distillery site it is the best in the county. The property will be sold in its entirety. The sale will be made in lots of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 180, 200, 250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 500, 550, 600, 650, 700, 750, 800, 850, 900, 950, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6



THE SPELL.

BY JENNIE WILKS.

"It's too bad to let the child throw away her young life and happiness. Some one ought to warn her of the rocks in her course."

She spoke the words, watching the flirtation between Ellen Furlow and Clara Welling. Of course it was flirtation, this same world-deer; not, perhaps, on her side, the warning would not have been needed then, but on his.

She was but 18 with something of the clear young sun shining through the dark blue eyes as they uplifted themselves to her blue face.

Yes, he was her hero. The world, for once, had spoken truthfully. She had not begun to reason. She only knew that her heart beat more quickly at the sound of his voice, that had any one asked her if she loved him, she would have answered, "Yes, I do."

Of course he knew his power. The world remembered numberless instances when he had used it mercilessly; therefore, they felt sorry for the young, untired girl who also had fallen "Under the Spell."

Yet, as she stood to-night by Ellen Furlow's side, the tall, slender figure, draped in soft, white folds; a brilliant color on her cheek; leading her into the room; the soft, fair hair, curling like the steam rising upon the low, white brow; she seemed a picture of girlish happiness. Could it be that he who had laid should mark it? It so perfectly his acting!

"Clara," he whispered—never, never had her name sounded so sweet before—"are you tired? Shall we not finish this walk?"

For an answer she let him slip his arm around her waist.

Tired with him? Had the music lasted, she might have gone on forever.

She sighed when it ended, with a crash, and she drew her into the dimly-lighted conservatory.

What meant the look with which he pierced down through the azure eyes into the hidden depths of her soul?

He spoke no word, but there, amid the flowers and fragrance, with a half-sleeping countenance warbling his good-night song above their heads, he opened wide his arms.

A moment she resisted their mute entreaty; he drew a step nearer; then, with a half sob of the most exquisite happiness she had ever known, she felt them fold themselves about her, and laid her head, like a tired child upon his breast. He held her close and long.

"Clara, you love me?" he half asserted, half questioned. "Oh, child, what a sweet fair play has been the life upon which I may dare inscribe my name."

At his words of self-imposed reproach, she raised her head. In his face was a light she had never seen before. With a glad thrill she knew that her hand had illuminated the torch.

"I love you, I love you," she repeated, softly, until he finished the words with a kiss.

"Do not let us tell the world our secret," he pleaded. "It is too sweet to have no one to share it but ourselves."

And to this wish she gladly gave consent.

On swiftly-moving wings the days followed, joying themselves into halcyon weeks; yet some lives, she had heard, were filled with misery. Could she never fathom the meaning of the word? Ah, she was too young to ask the question? It was to be answered all too soon.

Poor child! she had no mother—perhaps a mother's hand would have been more gentle with the knife; but one day her aunt with whom she lived, came into her room to rudely bid in upon her day dreams.

"Clara," she said. "I want to talk with you. This Mr. Furlow who is here so often must come to no more. The day might dawn when you would become interested in him, and I would be sorry to have my singing-bird's song cease. They tell me he is fascinating. With his honeyed words and phrases he sets traps for hearts, as the Fowler for his game. He makes boasts, too, of his conquests. I hear, The words 'I love you,' fall too readily from his lips. The question, 'Be my wife?' never."

Pale as ashes, Clara had been about to utter an indignant denial of all her aunt had said. When she had added these last words, "The question, 'Be my wife?' never," they seemed to lend a ring of truth to all that had gone before; yet her loyalty stood her in good stead, though her pride made her hide the freshly gaping wound.

"You are unjust aunt," she said, speaking with an effort. "Why should you believe what gossip says?"

"Because it has extended its voice to you—because it says that you, too, are under the spell of that man's wonderful fascination. Many is the heart he has broken, Clara—he shall not break yours."

"If what you say be true," she replied defiantly "it is already broken; but I do not—I will not believe it! He loves me—I—I love him!"

"He has asked you to become his wife?"

"The question cut like a knife to the girl's quivering heart."

"Not in words. I did not even think, no, sure was I of his purpose. Why—why do you come here to torment me?"

"Because I would save you, and because he shall never know his latest victim, Child, look here! This was sent me yesterday."

It was covered with the handwriting of him of whom they spoke, and it was a mad passionate declaration of his love for her to whom it was addressed. There was neither name nor date—only his signature, bold and free.

"Clara, you believe me now?"

"Yes, I believe," she answered softly. "Leave me to myself."

The next day, when Ellen Furlow called, a faintly folded note was put into her hand. Eagerly she tore it open to read these words:

"I must ask you not to see me again, You are a better actor than I, I have wearied of the farce. Doubtless, with the world for an audience, you can find some better field to play your part."

This was all. Thus had the child striven to hide the wound which was poisoning what she vainly hoped might be the life current.

With a bitter curse, ending in a groan, the man crushed the paper in his hand. "Oh God," he said, "this is a second time to be my reward? Is there no truth in woman?"

And his soul echoed "None."

But Clara had been half-child, half-woman. With yesterday her eyes had looked only with childish light into his. There was some mistake, some treachery. He could not let her thus escape him. He had been world-worn and weary. Her love had been like finding the cooling spring in the arid desert. Must he pass it by, and perish of thirst? Not so! He would write to her, and beg her to tell him if indeed she had but played with him. If so, to let silence answer; if not to bid him come to her.

His very soul seemed to pour itself out upon the senseless sheet. The next day he himself saw it delivered at the door. What he unhappily did not see, were the hands that received it.

"It will but make the child grieve more," reasoned her aunt, and with the seal unbroken, she laid it on the flames.

For what had Clara hoped as the weary days went by? Had she expected any answer to the poor little note with which she had struggled to bolster up her pride?

Paler and wanner she grew as her hope died. Truly she was "Under the Spell," she said her aunt sadly; but her own lips were dumb, until the strain on brain and heart gave way.

Unspoken was breathed in every accent of love and despair from her fever-parched lips, as she lay tossing in delirium.

Her aunt, good woman though she was, could have cured his owner as she listened, shuddering, to its repetition.

"My own poor little ewe lamb," she would whisper, tearfully. "Why might not she have spared you?"

But one day when the whisper had spread abroad that Clara Welling was dying, a man, haggard and white, forced himself into her presence.

"Let me see her," he entreated.

"Some spirit rose in the crushed heart at sight of him."

"You would see your victim?" she questioned with a scorn. "Wait until your work is complete—it will not be long."

"If you have a woman's soul within you, let me what you mean," he answered. "My victim?" Do you know that one month ago my dearest hope was to make Clara my wife? Ah, heaven! I thought she shared it then. But they tell me she is dying. Let me but see her once!"

Was the man speaking falsely? or had she, who had meant to save the child brought her to this pass?

"Wait here," she commanded, and hurried from the room.

When she returned she carried a sheet of paper in her hand.

"This was sent me," she exclaimed. "Did you write it?"

He glanced over it, and his face paled.

"Yes," he said. "Ten long years ago, when I was a lad of twenty, I loved the woman to whom it was addressed, and she played with and jilted me. For a time I lost all faith in women—until I met Clara. She taught me what it was to love, but this time with the endless passion of a man. The woman I once loved is a widow now. To you I may confess she has striven vainly to allure me back into her toils. Doubtless she sent you this paper. Tell me—a sudden light dawning upon him—'did Clara send and believe this?'"

The woman bowed her head.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, brokenly. "Help me to nurse my darling back to life, and together we will make her atone."

"This was a hard struggle they had set themselves, but they conquered."

Perhaps even in her delirium Clara knew who answered to his name, or who held her in his strong, loving arms; but, however this may be, certain it is that one day the blue eyes opened, to look with dawning recognition into the pale, handsome face of her lover as he bent above her.

"Hush, my love," he whispered, as she was about to speak. "I am with you never to leave you again. It has always been a mistake, darling—all except our love, which has won for us the victory."

Was she dreaming? She did not know, but nestling closer in his arms, fell into the sweet, refreshing sleep which was the turning-point from death to life.

A month later, and in the gray old church was a quiet wedding.

"Who would have believed it?" said the world.

This time it really looked as though they were both "Under the Spell," and so indeed they were, but the name of the magician's wand was "Love."

**The Catalpa Tree.**

It is believed that the railroad tie of the future will be cut from the beautiful catalpa tree. The Fort Scott, Texas and Gulf railroad has planted 300 acres of young trees and the Iron Mountain railroad 100 acres near Chattanooga, Mo. On the track bed of the latter company a tree of the Catalpa has been planted, and it is still in a good state of preservation. There have been two sets of white oak ties, but failed to survive the first. Fewer posts in Indiana and Illinois are now sound after having been in service for forty, fifty and even seventy-five years. In the muddy regions about Cairo, where it is grown extensively, it is used as "corner stones" for the most substantial buildings. It is of an elastic nature, but not so soft and light as cottonwood. Dr. John A. Warder, President of the American Forestry Association, claims for the catalpa a durability and power of resistance to the influence of the elements possessed by no other wood. It is found in the Mississippi valley and on the shores of the tributaries of the great river. It bears a large white, highly-perfumed flower, and grows quite rapidly.

American are of a practical nature. When an Illinois farmer who had got rich was visiting in Switzerland he dilated to him of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. "Yes," he replied, "a scenery it's very good. But it strikes me the Lord has wanted a lot of space on scenery that might have been made level and good farming land." They wanted to lynch him.

At a recent concert it was the subject of remark that in what fine "voice" the singers were. In commending his good judgment, the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for clearing and strengthening the voice.

Trifles light as hair sometimes turn the whole course of a man's appetite.

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**A New Departure.**

An advertising agent for one of the great circulations, has been in Detroit for a week past, and yesterday he sat down long enough to answer a few questions. The interview started off as follows:

"How many diamond pins will you wear this Summer, and what will be their value?"

"I shall not wear any. Our show has made a new departure in that matter, and nobody except the man in the ticket wagon will be allowed to wear diamonds. I am just going up to the express office to send my seven pins, four rings and sleeve-buttons home to my brother."

"How many consolidated shows do you advertise?"

"Only thirteen, but we have exactly sixteen. We do not intend to do any blow-out this Summer, but we will practice the modesty only ten. We have ten elephants, but advertise only eight, and so on right through."

"Have you the only man in the world who can turn a double somersault over sixteen horses?"

"No, there is another man who can do it, and although he is in State Prison, we didn't want to say we had the only one. We shall practice no deception and carry no humbugs."

"Have you the only baby elephant?"

"Yes, sir; but we don't advertise it. We don't want to be mean toward other combinations."

"Will your street-parade be a mile long?"

"Two of them, sir; but we don't advertise that fact. We let people come and be agreeably surprised."

"Have you got an elephant which has killed seven men?"

"Seven! Why, he's laid out eight this winter. I think the list foots up thirty-two, but we don't advertise it. An elephant is an elephant, and what's the use of blowing about it?"

"You have two or three man-eating tigers, of course?"

"Of course—seven or eight of them, and we also have a list of the names of the people who have been eaten by them, but we make no blow about it."

"Have you the sacred cow of India?"

"Yes, and the sacred ox of Japan, and a sacred calf, and a sacred pig, but we don't blow over 'em. We let the public come in and separate the sacred from the unsacred themselves."

"Will you have two circus rings?"

"We shall have four, but we don't put it on the bill. As I told you at the start, we are making a new departure. We shall not exaggerate. We shall not even tell the plain truth. No diamonds—no trumps—no side challenges—no humbug offers—no field of the cloth of gold. We are going to sell along in a gentle, modest way, and give the people five times the worth of their money. That's all—children half-price, and no lemonade sold inside the tent." (Detroit Free Press.)

**Excelsior Art Rooms**

EDWARD H. FOX, Prop'r.

North-East Corner of Main and Third Streets, Danville, Ky.

**DANVILLE, KENTUCKY**

Having recently added my rooms with all of the modern improvements, I now have the finest gallery in Central Kentucky!

When you visit Danville, don't fail to call and see me.

EDWARD H. FOX, Prop'r.

**FURNITURE!**

**FURNITURE!**

—IN ADDITION TO MY STOCK—

**UNDERTAKERS' GOODS!**

I have just opened in the "Arcade" Store-room of the St. Asaph Hotel.

**A NEW AND FULL LINE**

—OF HANDSOME—

**DRESSING AND CHAMBER SUITES,**

**BUREAUS, WARDROBES,**

**MARBLE-TOP AND OTHER TABLES,**

**MATTRESSES,**

**CHAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,**

—And, in fact, everything usually kept in—

**A First-Class Furniture Store,**

—All of which—

**I HAVE MARKED DOWN AS LOW**

As similar goods can be bought by retail in the city. Call and examine them, and you will be convinced of this fact.

R. H. WEAVER.

**TERHUNE & VANARS DALL**

At the old stand of J. N. Davis.

Near Depot, - - Stanford, Ky.

—WE KEEP A—

**General Assortment Store**

And are continually replenishing our stock with

**New Goods,**

We invite the public generally to give us a trial, and we promise them good bargains and the best goods.

**WASHINGTON DENMARK**

Will be 5 years old this Spring. Is a black, very little white, 102 hands high—large enough for both saddle and harness—good nature and full, solid qualities good and perfectly trained, and has been shown frequently, and successfully almost every time. Washington is by Cromwell, he by Washington, Cromwell's dam by John Dillard, the best saddle stallion ever in Kentucky. Pollock can be extended to any length desired. Extra homes like this are scarce, yet I will stand him at \$75.00. Sires pastured at 50 cents per week, and in all instances the money is to be paid before the mare is mated. Good ones are taken back, but no responsibility. Mares parted with for full value. We will also take any mare you want to sell for more, and those who have not tried me give me a chance. I think I can please you. Address: J. N. Davis, 412-2m.

**COACHMAN**

Will be 3 years old this Spring. Is a solid bay, without a white hair, with an exceedingly heavy tail and mane, in due style with a good head, and weighs 1,345 pounds. Coachman was bred by Prince George, and is a son of the great stallion, of Illinois his dam by Louis Napoleon (imported French Coach Horse). The stock is known as French Coach Horses. I have never seen a better one than Coachman, and I will stand him at \$125.00. Sires pastured at 50 cents per week, and in all instances the money is to be paid before the mare is mated. Good ones are taken back, but no responsibility. Mares parted with for full value. We will also take any mare you want to sell for more, and those who have not tried me give me a chance. I think I can please you. Address: J. N. Davis, 412-2m.

**ABDALLAH MAMBRINO!**

One of the best sons of the great Almont, that stands at \$150 the season, and is a son of the great stallion, of Illinois his dam by Louis Napoleon (imported French Coach Horse). The stock is known as French Coach Horses. I have never seen a better one than Coachman, and I will stand him at \$125.00. Sires pastured at 50 cents per week, and in all instances the money is to be paid before the mare is mated. Good ones are taken back, but no responsibility. Mares parted with for full value. We will also take any mare you want to sell for more, and those who have not tried me give me a chance. I think I can please you. Address: J. N. Davis, 412-2m.

**ABDALLAH GLENCOE!**

My combined stallion, Abdallah Glencoe, will be the present season at my stable, and will be a son of the great Almont, that stands at \$150 the season, and is a son of the great stallion, of Illinois his dam by Louis Napoleon (imported French Coach Horse). The stock is known as French Coach Horses. I have never seen a better one than Coachman, and I will stand him at \$125.00. Sires pastured at 50 cents per week, and in all instances the money is to be paid before the mare is mated. Good ones are taken back, but no responsibility. Mares parted with for full value. We will also take any mare you want to sell for more, and those who have not tried me give me a chance. I think I can please you. Address: J. N. Davis, 412-2m.

**BOB McELROY.**

My fine Jack, will stand at same place at

**Eight Dollars**

To insure a mare to be in foal, in same manner as above. For size, action and pedigree, see card.

E. S. POWELL.

**MARKETS.**

**STANFORD.**

The retail price for provisions, Apr. 22, as follows:

Bacon, shoulders, 7 1/2c; Bacon, sides, 10c; Bacon, hams, 12 1/2c; Lard, 10c; Butter, 15c; Eggs, 15c; Corn, 30c; Wheat, white, \$1.10; Wheat, red, \$1.05; Oats, 25c; Hay, 15c; Clover, 15c; Alfalfa, 15c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Oranges, 10c; Lemons, 10c; Pineapples, 10c; Melons, 10c; Watermelons, 10c; Cucumbers, 10c; Tomatoes, 10c; Peas, 10c; Beans, 10c; Lentils, 10c; Chickpeas, 10c; Onions, 10c; Garlic, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Oranges, 10c; Lemons, 10c; Pineapples, 10c; Melons, 10c; Watermelons, 10c; Cucumbers, 10c; Tomatoes, 10c; Peas, 10c; Beans, 10c; Lentils, 10c; Chickpeas, 10c; Onions, 10c; Garlic, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; 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